



"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, by whom King's reign and princes decree justice, we remember before Thee, our late sovereign Lord King Edward, in thankfulness for the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us through his reign, for the wisdom of his rule, and the faithfulness with which he served the people committed to his charge; for his continual effort to further and maintain peace among the nations, and for his watchful care of the sick and the poor. And grant that we may employ Thy manifold mercies bestowed upon us to the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and to the setting forth of Thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

ORDER OF SERVICE

HELD IN

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

In Memoriam

OF THE LATE

Most Gracious Sovereign Lord, Edward VII.

By the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and
Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King,
Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India.

MAY 20th, 1910

REV. A. G. DANN, M.A., R.D., Rector and Precentor
W. H. MOORHOUSE, B.A., M.D., } Church Wardens
EDWIN PAULL, }

Organ Prelude - - - Funeral March - - - *Wely*
G. B. SIPPI, Organist.

Processional Hymn No. 562

Excelsior - "Whom Have I in Heaven But Thee" - *Mason*

Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Sentences—The Bishop

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—St. John xi., 25, 26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh

shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job xix., 25, 26, 27.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.—1. Tim., vi. 7. Job i., 21.

Psalms xxxix.

Dixi Custodiam

1. I said, I will take heed to my ways; that I offend not in my tongue.

2. I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle; while the ungodly is in my sight.

3. I held my tongue, and spake nothing; I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me.

4. My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled; and at the last I spake with my tongue;

5. Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

6. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

7. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

8. And now, Lord, what is my hope; truly my hope is even in thee.

9. Deliver me from all mine offences; and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

10. I became dumb, and opened not my mouth; for it was thy doing.

11. Take thy plague away from me: I am even consumed by the means of thy heavy hand.

12. When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment; every man therefore is but vanity.

13. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears.

14. For I am a stranger with thee; and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

15. O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength; before I go hence, and be no more seen.

Domme Refugium

Barnby

1. Lord, thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made; thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

5. As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

6. In the morning it is green and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

7. For we consume away in thy displeasure; and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

8. Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee; and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For when thou art angry all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

10. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years; yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

11. But who regardeth the power of thy wrath; for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure.

12. So teach us to number our days; that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last; and be gracious unto thy servants.

14. O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon; so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

15. Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us; and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

16. Shew thy servants thy work; and their children thy glory.

17. And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work.

Hymn No. 592

Mansfield—"I Shall Be Satisfied When I Awake With 'Thy Likeness'" *Turpin*

On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters a sweet prayer and song
Bursting at the Resurrective
Into song.

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore:
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
To Thy Cross, through death and judg-
ment,
Holding fast. Amen.

Address - - - - - The Right Rev. David Williams, D.D.

Address - - - - - The Rev. James Ross, D.D.

Hymn No. 219

Pro Omnibus Sanctis—"We Also Are Compassed About With so Great
a Cloud of Witnesses" - - - - - *Barnby*

For all the saints who from their labors
rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world con-
fessed,
Thy name, O Jesu be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and
their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true
light.
Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine:
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their
rest:
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious
day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright ar-
ray:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!
Amen.

Address - - - - - The Rev. Thomas Manning, D.D.

Hymn No. 279

S. Chrysostom - "He Is Not a God of the Dead, But of the Living" - *Barnby*

God of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away,
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

Sentences—The Venerable Archdeacon Richardson, D.C.L.

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

Then shall be said

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

Prayers—Very Rev. The Dean of Huron, D.D.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; We give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee, that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him; We meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; beseech thee, that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world; Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Hymn No. 600

Pax Tecum—"Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace, Whose Mind
is Stayed on Thee" - - - - - *Vincent*

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world
of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
known?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall
cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect
peace. Amen.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Organ - - - "Dead March in Saul" - - - *Handel*
With Orchestral Accompaniment.

Prayer—The Bishop.

"O God, the fountain of all consolation and love, most humbly do we beseech Thee to sustain our Royal Family, especially the Queen Mother, in this the hour of their bereavement and trial. Comfort them with the Consolation of Thy Holy Spirit; cheer them with Thine abiding Presence, and grant that He who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows may wipe away all tears from their eyes and give to them His unspeakable peace through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Benediction

Recessional Hymn No. 455

Nearer Home—"And So Shall We Ever Be With the Lord" *Woodbury*

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times to faith's forseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the thorne,
"For ever with the Lord!" Amen.



The City Council, 1910

J. H. A. BEATTIE, Mayor.

ALDERMEN

**R. C. ECKERT
HUBERT ASHPLANT
HENRY POCOCK
W. J. UNDERWOOD
W. J. STEVENSON
JAS. FITZGERALD**

**JAS. A. TANCOCK
JOHN G. RICHTER
JAMES JEFFRIES
A. J. MORGAN
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GEO. E. ROSE**

City Clerk, SAMUEL BAKER.